

wait for the signal (i'll meet you after dark)

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by [crxssfxxd_xd_stxrs](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander's guilty pleasure during the off-season is reading surprisingly dark romance books. Ilya's guilty pleasure during the off-season is giving Shane anything he asks for.

Even if that includes chasing Shane through the woods at dusk while wearing his motorcycle helmet.

Notes

As a purveyor of some extra slutty books and some very freaky fan fiction in my adult life, I do have to say I think it's hot to negotiate your kinks and explore them in a safe environment with someone you trust!

title from Willow by Taylor Swift (you can rip Taylor's discography out of my cold dead hands)

Mind the tags and enjoy!

big thank you to my beta reader and friend: [hearegard](#)

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

- Inspired by [The Cottage Killer](#) by [hearegard](#)

Ilya stands in the kitchen of the cottage, smirking fondly as he watches his husband get himself comfy. Shane nervously cuddles back into their couch at the cottage, pulls out his kindle (that he thinks Ilya doesn't know about), and turns the brightness as far down as he can reasonably set it without obstructing the words on the page. It's so fucking endearing, Ilya decides, when his soft little husband tucks a couple blankets around his body and thinks Ilya won't be curious about what he's reading so intently.

Ilya is silent when he pads across the room, like a panther stalking prey. Shane is far too trusting, he decides as Ilya leans down against the back of the couch, and begins reading over his shoulder. Ilya reads a few words about a protagonist being chased through the woods by his partner wearing a hockey mask, the partner catches the protagonist, whispers filthy Russian endearments into the protagonist's ear as he—wow ok, that escalated fast. Now Shane's highlighting the Russian and smiling to himself with a furious blush on his cheeks. Ilya wants to bite. He leans in and presses his nose to the nape of Shane's neck, inhaling the scent of his body wash and delighting in the way Shane's muscles lock up.

"You are not subtle, *moya lyubov*," Ilya's voice is just a rumble, echoing in his rib cage like a cathedral.

"Holy fucking shit!" Shane scrambles to hide his kindle but Ilya manages to snatch it before it can be squirreled away. His husband frantically begins trying to reach for the e-reader, but Ilya uses their height difference to his advantage, holding it up above his head, far out of Shane's reach, even though he's kneeling on the couch. The Russian catches Shane's chin between his thumb and his index finger, forcing Shane's frantic eyes to settle on Ilya's amused ones.

"Why are you hiding this?" Ilya asks, feigning annoyance, but failing to keep the amusement out of his tone.

"Ilya, please, it's nothing! Just a stupid book!" Shane whines and reaches again, tries putting his hard earned hockey player muscles to use.

"Is not stupid, you are reading it and smiling. That is my smile, not for anyone else. What will I find if I check your library, hmm? Will I find more dirty books in here?" Ilya teasingly waves the e-reader just out of Shane's reach.

Shane's face scrunches up in a devastating mix of embarrassment and...arousal? "Ilya please, it's embarrassing enough that I even read this stuff, I never wanted you to know!"

"Every part of you is *mine*, even the embarrassing parts. Sit, we're talking about this," Ilya points to the couch, and Shane sits, a world class pout on his face as Ilya settles on the couch. He's much too far away for Ilya's liking, so he hauls Shane between his spread thighs and pulls him back against his chest. Ilya lets his free hand drift down his husband's chest, stopping at the swell in his sweatpants.

"You are hard, tell me why. What were you reading that has you so excited?" Ilya starts a slow uninterrupted rub over Shane's dick. His hips jump.

“Ah—Fuck, Mm, Ilya... That’s cheating,” Shane whimpers, his back arching into Ilya’s touch.

“You will tell me the truth, da? Or should I work it out of you with a few orgasms, hm?” Ilya huffs against Shane’s temple, as he slows down to a barely there brush of knuckles over Shane’s aching cock.

“Mmnn—fuck you asshole, *not fair*,” Shane is squirming in Ilya’s arms.

“Yes, but you love it when I am an asshole, now, tell me what you like about this so much and I might be inclined to give it to you,” Shane leans back into Ilya’s chest, the disbelief front and center in his pretty brown eyes.

“You don’t mean that,”

“Is the off-season, Hollander. My guilty pleasure is giving you anything your heart desires, even filthy sexual fantasies.”

Shane had forgotten his earbuds at home. He didn’t often run without them, then again, he didn’t often run at dusk either. Something about the quiet balm of the setting sun flickering through the trees was calming his anxiety. He knows he has nothing to be anxious about, but something was sending his nervous system into overdrive, and he can’t put a finger on what. So instead of over analyzing, he runs. Only a few cars have passed him on the road beside the running trail, and its getting dark fast.

Revving to his left brings Shane back into reality, he stops running and turns towards the road. A black and red Ducati skids to a stop in the waning light of dusk, the abrupt stop sends gravel skittering across the parking lot of the trailhead. Shane shuffles back a few steps, startled by the sudden intrusion of his run. The emblems have been blacked out, and Shane only recognizes its a Ducati because he went with Ilya on a ride one time before declaring it a deathtrap. Shane would never give Ilya the satisfaction of knowing this, but he thought his husband looked so incredibly hot all done up in his protective gear, balancing on his toes as he waited for Shane to put on the helmet he’d given him. And any excuse to wrap his arms around his husband’s toned torso was always a plus.

Now, Shane is illuminated in overly bright LED headlights. He has to hold a hand up to block the light and squint to try and get a good look at the driver.

The driver is shrouded in leather and dark wash denim. His face is hidden by a black helmet with a mirrored visor, a gold crucifix on a delicate chain dangles from his throat between the open lapels of his jacket.

Shane feels his pulse jump as the driver cocks his head to the side. Like he’s observing and calculating, or worse, taking inventory of Shane’s body. As if this stranger wants to crack him open and find out his secrets. Shane suddenly feels too exposed in his running clothes, and a cold prickle of clammy sweat and goosebumps explodes over his skin.

The man on the bike leans forward against the handlebars and flexes his hands against beaten up gloves. He revs the bike again, and the hulking frame of it jerks forward towards Shane. His stomach drops at the implication his brain (unhelpfully) supplies for him and he realizes, far too fucking late, that he should run.

Shane doesn't know how long he runs, but he does feel the effects of it. His heart is pounding, his thighs are burning from exertion, his lungs are screaming for air, and he feels the stray scratches on his face, arms and shins from stray branches. He crashes through some stray bushes, landing on his knees in the gravel of a familiar running path. Shane gets up and dusts himself off, and a cut on his left knee drips blood down onto his, now dirty, white sneakers.

"Fuck," he mutters and looks around himself. He hides behind a tree, finally letting himself stop, and he can finally chance a look around his surroundings. He knows where he is, maybe half a mile from the cottage, he can just see warm light from his back deck in the distance. If he can just make it to the deck, he can find Ilya, and he'll be safe.

A taunting sing song whistle cuts through the quiet forest around him. Shane feels his heart stop, and his body freezes. "Absolutely fucking not," Shane murmurs under his breath, he's thoroughly freaked out now. Fuck, what direction was that even from? It sounded far off but he can't tell for sure. He tries to look down the well worn path back to the cottage but he's immediately flipped chest first against the tree he's using as cover.

"Shit!" Shane squeaks when his chest slams into the rough surface of the bark. His wrists are seized instantly.

The assailant materializes out of the shadows, his body presses Shane into the tree, solid and unmoving in the dark. He struggles against the tree, and the man's grip only tightens on Shane's wrists.

It's barely even light out anymore, the sun has completely disappeared behind the horizon, but a watercolor wash of orange and pink paints the sky behind towering pines. Shane looks over his shoulder when the man flips his visor up to reveal familiar honey hazel eyes.

"Color, *moya lubov*," he whispers. It's a command he knows by heart, woven into the very fabric of his DNA; his body reacts instantly. Relaxes into Ilya's confident grip, pliant like putty. The words are laced in gentle kindness and gauzy cotton candy sweetness. Shane wonders what he did to deserve this man.

"Green, Ilya, *fucking Christ*, green," Those eyes crinkle in what Shane recognizes as a smile and he backs up, forcing Shane to grab the tree trunk for stability. Shane is finally facing Ilya, and from this angle, Shane finally gets a good look at Ilya's outfit, a tight black t-shirt, his crucifix glinting in the left over light, dark jeans and a pair of dark motorcycle boots. Shane's mouth waters when he sees Ilya's erection straining against his fly. He flips his visor back down. Shane feels a weird swirl of dread and arousal lance through him, his heart feels like it's going to beat right out of his chest.

Just breathe, Shane. He's just back in character. If you need to stop, you have a safe word. Breathe.

"P-Please, just let me go, my husband is waiting," Shane nods towards the glow of lights from the back deck of the cottage.

The biker leans back against a tree, close enough to grab Shane if he tries to run, and cocks his head in curiosity. "I do not think you *want* me to let you go, pretty boy. You *want to be chased*."

"That's not—" Shane begins but he's cut off by the biker chuckling.

"You are going to pretend that I haven't done my homework on you? You are going to pretend I don't know how much you really want to be chased and fucked and ruined? Fuck your husband, sweet boy, your legs are trembling, your lip is caught between your teeth, and you keep looking at me like this is your wet dream come true."

"What are you even talking about? I—I don't want—"

"Don't fucking lie," The biker cages Shane back against the tree, his fingers ghosting along his neck, and Shane is now hyperaware of how tall this guy is—he towers over Shane, his body is the work of what Shane knows is hours and hours in the gym, and if he listens close enough? He can hear his heartbeat thundering against his ribs, under the tightest black t-shirt known to mankind.

"Very pretty, *solnyshko*," the biker says, tracing his thumb along Shane's jaw. Shane feels a prickle of fear shoot down his spine as his assailant backs off and begins unlacing his chin strap. The helmet is pushed back just enough to reveal a smug smirk. Shane feels his hackles rise, when the guy puts a cigarette between his teeth; this asshole thinks now is an opportune time to smoke.

His face is briefly illuminated in the waning twilight darkness, and his focus drifts back to Shane as he takes a long drag, and he smirks noticing his prey has begun slowly backing up, away from his pursuer.

Towards the cottage.

The man just stands there, letting his cigarette burn away while watching Shane. Waiting for him to make a move. Shane can almost imagine the biker's eyebrows rising as if to say "*Well? Go on.*" That spike of sharp embarrassed arousal mixes with adrenaline. He feels a drop of sweat follow the column of his spine, a nagging voice in Shane's head complains that it tickles, but he doesn't dare move. Not with a predator so close to him.

"I will give you ten second head start, yes? If I catch you, I will fuck you, hard, like a good boy deserves. If you make it to the back door? I'll let you go back to your boring husband." Shane takes a full step backwards, and he trips over a branch he's sure wasn't there earlier.

"Fuck!" Shane scrambles back on his hands in a frantic crab walk for a few feet before he gets back on his feet. He sees the biker stub out his cigarette on the tree Shane was against,

and the helmet is back in place, before he slides his hands into his pockets like this is a lovely evening stroll. Shane scrambles down the path, running from the sound of amused taunting laughter.

Then the biker starts counting with every step, backwards from ten in Russian, his words are dripping in amusement and desire. Like a twisted game of hide and seek.

“desyat’, devyat’, vosem’, sem’, shest’, pyat’, chetyre, tri, dva, odin,” The words echo off the trees around Shane as he runs for the safety of his own back porch, then he hears footsteps following him, keeping up even, and Shane’s heart jumps into his throat.

He crashes through the bushes at the edge of his lawn, and skids a little on the perfectly mowed grass. *Fuck these stupid fucking Reeboks, they have no traction whatsoever.* He yelps as he falls to his hands and knees, scrambling to regain his footing. He’s dizzy, out of breath and he knows the adrenaline is the only thing keeping him on his feet.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are...” the biker singsongs as he steps off the running path into Shane’s backyard. The porch lights bathe him in shadows, long and serpentine. His gaze locks onto Shane, a few paces away from the back steps and the sliding glass backdoor.

“Don’t run away now, *malysh*, we’re just getting started!” Shane shrieks, and tries to run but he trips over one of the stupid white orb lawn decorations he’s never really cared about. His body crashes into the ground, half on the paving stone walkway and half in the finely manicured grass. He groans, dizzy and disoriented, and he only notices too late that the sound of the biker’s footsteps are closer than he wanted them to be. He manages to get up onto his hands and knees, crawling as far as he can, and the guy is so close to Shane he can feel his body heat. He’s made it halfway up the steps when fingers dig into his shirt collar and drag him the rest of the way onto the flat surface of his porch.

The biker straddles Shane’s legs, and then holds the back of Shane’s neck in one huge hand while his head is positioned so he can see his own reflection in the windows of his house. The image makes Shane’s stomach roll.

He’s pressed into the unforgiving planks of his deck, his face is flushed and there are scratch marks on nearly every exposed area of skin he can see—probably from the branches as he was running—his white workout top is stained with sweat, everything hurts. His body is screaming in equal parts pain and desire. Suddenly, his vision gets blurry, and his cheeks grow wet. He’s crying, silent sobs that make him nauseous. The biker reaches forward and tilts Shane’s chin so he can get a look at the tears carving through the dirt and sweat on Shane’s face.

The grip on the back of Shane’s neck loosens the smallest amount immediately and the biker leans down close to Shane, Ilya’s whispered voice filters through the rushing blood in Shane’s eardrums. *“Still ok? If it’s too much, use your safe word. Everything stops, I’ll carry you in, and we’ll shower,”* Ilya’s fingers ghost through his hair, a safe grounding touch when everything feels like a bruise.

His stomach settles, and he stops shaking, his nervous system finally gets the damn message that *this is just a game*. Ilya will stop if he says their safe word. Shane’s head bobs with a

nod, then he chokes out his answer, giving the consent his partner needs.

“*G-gr-een*,” Shane hiccups and makes an effort to grind back into the body behind him. The biker just chuckles and his hands ghost over Shane’s body. He starts speaking in rapid-fire Russian. Shane, armed with only his limited vocabulary, finds he can’t keep up with the pace the biker sets. A few words stick out to him and settle over his brain like a balm.

“*Eto dlya menya? Takaya krasivaya, moy malysh.*” Shane’s body shivers and his brain is scrambled so far away from his baseline, he can barely translate the words.

Is this for me? So beautiful, my baby.

His shorts and boxers go first, ripped apart by strong, eager hands; Shane shudders when he feels the biker’s fingers ghost over his hole, exposed to the night air. The hands disappear and the helmet is thrown to the side, rolling towards the sliding door, thunking solidly against the glass.

A second later, the string of beads he had inside him clatters across the porch, shimmering with leftover lube. Shane can see his own face in the glass, he’s trying to hide in his elbows, his cheeks are burning red with embarrassment, and need. The sight of himself face down ass up half nude while a fully dressed man kneels behind him makes his stomach roll in the best way.

Mocking laughter ricochets through Shane’s blissfully empty head; he feels drunk, drool slipping down his chin and cotton replacing any rational thought he could have. He doesn’t need to think, the biker above him has his focus under lock and key. He doesn’t need to move, the biker can manhandle him anyway he wants. He leans down over Shane, his crucifix surprisingly cold against the overheated skin of his shoulders.

“Where’s your husband, pretty boy? Does he know I’m about to destroy your sweet pussy on his porch? *takaya milaya pizda...*”

“No—Don’t—Please just—” Shane whimpers and tries to wiggle free, but the biker is faster, immediately pinning Shane’s wrists as he grinds forward against Shane’s ass. One of the biker’s hands slips back to hold the head of his cock against Shane’s entrance. Shane feels like his breath comes in short staccato bursts, and he feels smirking lips tut against his ear.

“You said you would do anything, *malysh*. Were you lying to me?”

“No! N-not lying—*holy fuck*—please...”

“Please *what*? You want your husband now? You want him to see you get fucked like a whore?”

Shane opens his mouth to answer but the words leave him in the wake of a deep guttural whine being torn from his throat as the biker starts pushing his cock inside. The biker is big, long and thick as he slowly pushes inside Shane. If he hadn’t of prepped, if he hadn’t been wanting to get fucked by Ilya when he got home—Shane’s thoughts go up in smoke as the

biker starts a slow and punishingly deep pace, each thrust accompanied by a string of Russian that Shane is too far gone to decipher.

The biker slows down, his thrusts becoming small grinding circles as he pats down the ripped remnants of Shane's shorts for something, Shane's phone clatters onto the hardwood planks beside his head and the biker hums softly into his ear.

"Why don't we call your husband, and see if he's around to rescue you, yes?" Shane feels shame and arousal coil around each other in his chest. He's so fucking close, it should be illegal. Shane's voice catches in his throat when he hears the soft tinny crackling of his call ringing through to Ilya.

Only to be sent to voicemail.

"Hi, this is Ilya, I will never listen to your voicemail," BEEP. That inbox greeting haunts him. The biker notices, because of course he does, and he circles his hips in a mean grind.

"That's too bad, he is *terrible* at answering phone, yes?" Shane groans at the ribbing, and tries to say something, really he does. But that pleasant fog he is all too familiar with is clouding his thoughts.

"Is ok, I will fuck you so good that you forget him." Shane gasps, *how much more fucked can I get?*

Shane gets his answer as the biker leaves the gentle pace behind, opting for brutally deep and hard instead. Shane's entire world narrows down to each point of contact they have, he can't think, can hardly take in a clean breath. He's entirely consumed in this man's everything, and when he feels the all too familiar burning desire in his stomach begin overflowing, he feels the control he tries so hard to manage dissipate like sea foam.

"M' cumming-can't stop!" He manages to whimper out, and the biker just fucks him harder. His gloved hand drifts down to the barely there bulge in his stomach, and presses. Shane feels a scream well up in his throat, he feels like gooey caramel, hot and sticky and—

"Go ahead and scream for your husband, pretty boy, it gets my cock hard." Shane screams, and he doesn't care about anything but the cock splitting him open. Humiliation begins mixing with Shane's arousal, and he finds solace in the possessive grip the biker has on him. He's free-falling into warmth, safe and secure as the biker finishes inside him. His release is fever bright and hot, scorching his insides.

"Now, you can go inside to your husband, used and filled up with cum like the slut you are. I wonder if he'll be able to taste me?"

They're both panting; Shane is exhausted, dancing along the edge of unconsciousness, and the biker leans back, gently easing his cock free. Ilya sits back on his heels and pushes his hand through sweat soaked curls, slowly surveying the broken geography of his husband's sated body. He smirks a little before he hangs up the call to himself on Shane's phone, still recording a voicemail on the deck. He'll keep that voicemail for a long, long time.

Shane collapses from the position he'd been maintaining for however long they'd been on the porch, landing on his side. Ilya has to take several deep breaths, grounding himself. They talked about this, how to navigate the aftermath of this type of play. What Shane would need, what Ilya would need, and Ilya feels secure in the knowledge he gave his husband what he wanted from this fantasy. The safety and security of that knowledge drips down Ilya's spine like warm honey.

He tucks himself back into his jeans and gathers a boneless Shane into his arms stopping to toe off his boots outside the sliding door. Shane whines, quickly tucking his face into Ilya's neck.

"You are ok, *malysh*, I have you." Ilya carries Shane through their home, stopping by their front door to deposit Shane's ruined Reeboks with their other shoes. To be dealt with in the morning, Ilya smiles to himself, as he begins climbing the stairs.

It only takes a few minutes for Ilya to navigate to their bathroom. A first aid kit and several bottles of water sit beside the sink. By the time Ilya reaches the counter, Shane is starting to come around. He takes the opportunity to spread a towel on the counter, set Shane down, and turn on the shower, peeling his own sweat soaked shirt off his skin in the process.

"Ilya," Shane croaks from the counter, Ilya's eyes immediately snap up to his sweet husband's face.

"There he is, hi, sweet boy," Ilya chuckles and immediately slots himself between Shane's knees. "You are ok, yes? That was what you wanted?"

Shane nods, his eyelids drooping as he settles back into his body. "Did you know that you're the best husband on the planet?" Shane whispers, knocking their foreheads together.

"Yes, *malysh*, you've told me so. Drink please." Ilya holds up one of the bottles of water to Shane's chapped lips, and Shane whimpers as the water trickles into his mouth, swallowing greedily. Ilya's cards his fingers through Shane's hair as he drinks the whole bottle in one go.

"Slowly, *malysh*, slowly. So you do not get sick." Ilya murmurs, he takes a warm damp cloth, and wipes the dirt, sweat and dried tears from Shane's face.

"You were very pretty, running from me, all spread out and crying,"

"You have to say that, I'm your husband," Shane scoffs under his breath.

"Hey, look at me," Ilya tilts Shane's head up so he can't do anything but look into Ilya's eyes. "You are the only person in the world I would do that for. The only person I trust to do that for. You understand?"

"Yes, Sir, I understand. Thank you,"

"There is very little I wouldn't do for you. I love you, Shane Hollander." Ilya bumps their noses together, and Shane sighs contentedly into the arms of the man he loves.

"I love you too, Ilya Rozanov,"

End Notes

Thank you for reading, writing this AU was so much fun!

If you enjoyed, please consider leaving a kudos or a comment, they honestly make me so happy! If you want to be notified when I post, be sure to subscribe!

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